

*Springfield*  
*B. A.*

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THE following correspondence requires no explanation. It has been published in many papers in the Western States, and especially in the State of New York; and a copy of it, printed on a separate sheet, has been substantially put up in every schoolhouse in Chautauque county.

Earnestly desiring to aid all teachers in imparting moral instruction to their pupils, and not feeling able, at the present time, to prepare any better counsel for them than our subjoined letter contains, we transfer it, without alteration, to the pages of the Journal. — ED.

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SINCLEARVILLE, CHAUTAUQUE Co., N. Y., *June 27, 1846.*

HON. HORACE MANN,

DEAR SIR; — Having in charge, for a time, the supervision of the education of nearly 20,000 youth, who, I may truly say, are the choicest, noblest wealth of Chautauque county, and emphatically the pride of the present, and bright hope of the future; and who have heard and read much of the noble devotion and philanthropic efforts of Horace Mann, of Boston, Massachusetts, in the cause of education, may I not, in their behalf, (since the happy acquaintance I formed with you at the Convention in Albany,) venture to ask of their and my mutual friend, the assistance which I feel that I greatly need, in giving them moral and intellectual instruction?

You will pardon my request, and appreciate the motives which dictate it, when you learn, that, by a supervision of the schools of this county during nearly three years, the warmest, deepest, and noblest emotions of my nature are enlisted in behalf of the education and future welfare of these youth, and which prompt me to apply for aid from older and abler co-workers in the cause.

A communication from you, encouraging the teachers and directing the schools of Chautauque "upward and onward," would produce deep and lasting impressions upon the plastic

minds of thousands, who would feel highly honored, as well as delighted, by receiving instruction from such a source. Your reward would be the consciousness that you had done a still greater good to your fellow-beings, and that you had a monument to your memory in Chautauque county, prouder than that of the conquerors of nations, to wit — *the undying gratitude of children.*

Most sincerely and truly, your friend and obedient servant,  
WORTHY PUTNAM,  
*Co. Sup't Com. Schools.*

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BOSTON, July 27, 1846.

WORTHY PUTNAM, Esq.,

DEAR SIR; — I am sorry to send so late a reply to your kind and flattering letter of the 27th ult. When it was received, I was able only to run my eye over it, in the most hasty manner; and such has since been the pressure of official engagements, that it has not been in my power, until the present evening, to spare a minute for answering it.

On perusing your letter more attentively, I find it full of an anxious and a sacred interest for the welfare of the almost twenty thousand children of Chautauque county, who are placed under your official care. Though the law prescribes your routine of duty, yet I venture to say that your motives for fidelity in its performance spring from a higher source, and are accompanied by more effective sanctions than any which the prospect of legal remuneration or penalty can afford. The law makes you an officer, but I see that you feel like a parent. Thus should it always be. He is not worthy to have the care of children, either as officer or teacher, whose heart does not yearn towards them with parental fondness and solicitude.

You bespeak my sympathy and counsel in behalf of your children; for *yours* I must call them. That sympathy and counsel are spontaneously ready for you. The highly commendatory account which you gave of them at the late Convention of County Superintendents at Albany, — where I had the pleasure of meeting you, — and the beautiful specimen writing books, prepared by them, which you there exhibited, could not fail to make the schools of your county conspicuous objects of attention, and to command my praise, as I believe they did that of every other beholder. I have since mentioned those admirably executed books to school children in Massachusetts, to incite them to greater diligence and effort; — a thing which the authors of the manuscripts could not have conceived of at the time they were prepared; — and this is a fact which I hope you will mention to them, as illustrative of the beautiful truth, that when we do well we know not how widely it will be published, and how much good its example will effect.

You request from me a word of encouragement and advice for the children of your schools; but how, (as the magnetizers say,) can I put myself in communication with them? Could I see them all assembled in one great company, my heart would be so full that I think the police officers could hardly keep me from speaking to them; and though, in imagination, I can easily summon them all before me, yet it will not be so easy for them to conceive of themselves in my presence. As a substitute for a personal interview, shall I send you the following *brief*, as the lawyers would call it, and request you to read it to them?

*My dear children and friends, scholars in the schools of Chautauque county, New York;*—Were you all gathered together in a beautiful grove, on the side of a hill, row above row, in such a great semicircle as you have seen in pictures, and I could be present there, I would say to you many things. But you all have sufficient knowledge of geography to know that Chautauque county, in the State of New York, and Boston, in Massachusetts, are many hundred miles from each other; and that broad rivers, on which the steamboats glide up and down, and great mountains, almost too high for the grass to grow or the birds to live on, lie between us. If Mr. Morse would come and lay down the wires of his magnetic telegraph between my room and your schools, I would make the bell tinkle many times every day, to call your attention, and then I would send you messages of good-will, and would try to put in some good advice.

I have been requested by your superintendent to make you a visit. I should most gladly do so, both on your account and his; for I lately became acquainted with him at Albany, and found him to be a most *worthy* man. Indeed, he has that excellent adjective prefixed to his name, as if it had been known from his infancy how good a man he would be. He was called "*Worthy*" when a school child, like yourselves; and I have no doubt he will always conduct so as to deserve the title. If you have a *worthy* leader, you must not be *un-worthy* children.

I said that your superintendent had invited me to visit you. I will tell you the reason why I cannot go. There are in Massachusetts about two hundred thousand children, of whom I have the care, very much in the same way that Mr. Putnam has the care of you. All of these two hundred thousand children I am trying to make wiser, better, and happier; and I say to myself, "If I can do each of these children a little good, when that little is multiplied by two hundred thousand, it will make a great deal." I doubt not the twenty thousand children of your county are present to the mind of your superintendent every day. So are the two hundred thousand children of Massachusetts present to my mind every day. I never lie down to sleep, nor rise from it, without thinking of them. They live in

my heart. There are not hours enough in the day, nor days enough in the year, in which to work for them. I desire to give them the substantial blessing of deeds and sacrifices, rather than the empty one of words and forms. I wish to make all of them more punctual and regular at school, and more industrious and studious at all times, — for this would make them not a little happier. I wish to teach them to love their playmates, their brothers and sisters, their fathers and mothers, their teachers and all mankind more, — for this would make them much happier. I wish them all to know and feel how good their Creator is; how wise and benevolent in all he has created for their use, and what glorious provision he has made for their well-being, not for to-day only, or to-morrow, or next year, or their lifetime, but for a never-ending existence, — for this would make them supremely happy. But, though these two hundred thousand school children of Massachusetts seem to me to dwell here in my breast, so that I sympathize with all their pleasures and pains, and know and feel their wants, as if they had come and told them to me, yet when your superintendent bespoke my interest in your behalf, I found my heart easily opened wide enough to take in twenty thousand more. Ay, children, you may smile at this, but it is true. The human heart is not like a box, or a trunk, or a bag, which will hold just so much and no more. A boy's heart is not like his vest or his jacket, which would split open if he should grow into a man in five minutes. The heart may be very small, — so small as only to embrace one's self in its thoughts and desires; — this makes a very mean, selfish person. The heart may be enlarged so as to embrace a town; — this makes a good townsman. Or it may take in one's whole nation; — this makes a patriot. Or it may take in all mankind; — this makes a philanthropist. Or it may embrace in its affections the whole universe and the great Creator of it; — this makes one godlike; — and, all the way, let me tell you, from the narrowest limit to the vastest expansion, its happiness will be in proportion to its enlargement.

My young friends, I wish to improve this opportunity to impress upon your minds one idea; and, as ideas are not so plenty as blackberries, when you can get one that is sound and true, you will do well to keep it, and to think of it a great deal. The truth which I wish you to understand is this; that every thing which the good God has made was made for some particular purpose or purposes, and not for others; — was made to be used in certain ways and at certain times, and not in other ways or at other times. When any thing is put to the use for which it was made, it does good; but if it be used for something for which it was not made, or for something contrary to that for which it was made, then it does great harm. And all



this will be very plain to you, if you will think for a moment. Before God created any thing ; before he made the sun, the moon, or the earth ; before he caused the bright flowers to unfold from the bud, the tall oak to grow out of the acorn, or the beautiful bird to come out of its shell, — before he did any of these marvellous things, He knew exactly what would be needed ; and, being all-powerful, he made just so many things as would be needed, and gave to each one of all the things he made its proper quality or fitness. You have all seen that, when a good carpenter or mason is going to build a house, he gets all the right kinds of materials together, and puts each one in its proper place. If he wishes to make a fire-proof house, — that is, a house which cannot be burnt up, — he makes it of granite, and brick, and iron, and slate ; he does not make it of touchwood, and cement it together with phosphorus, and stick the cornices and the fireplaces full of lucifer matches, for ornament. But touchwood, and phosphorus, and lucifer matches are very good *in their place*. They are good for certain purposes, but they are not good materials of which to build a fire-proof house. So you would think a workman very foolish, if you saw him using a hammer, an adze, or an axe, made of glass ; or use plates of cast-iron for window panes ; or try to make a house stand on the ridge-pole. Thus, in all the works of Creation, every thing has its proper place and proper use. When used according to the original design in making it, it does great good ; when used contrary to this design, it does great evil.

Some learned men have described this great truth, which I am trying to explain to you, by saying that God has given a "definite constitution" to every thing ; but perhaps these are too hard words for all of you to understand. All they mean by them is, that God has fitted one thing for one purpose, and another thing for another purpose ; and that, if we would prosper, — if we would not ruin ourselves and every body else, — we must use things as they were intended to be used.

For example, in our climate, God has made the whole vegetable world to grow in the summer, and not in the winter. Were we to plant or sow, expecting that corn, or wheat, or fruit, would grow during our winters only, we should gather no harvests, and must soon perish by starvation. God has made some fruits to ripen early, others late, so that we may enjoy them, one after another, the whole year. If all had been made to ripen at once, we should have a superabundance at one time, and a dearth at another. God has adapted the size of the fruits to the trees or plants on which they grow. If the pumpkin or the pine-apple, instead of the acorn and the chestnut, were to grow on tall trees, you know that men and cattle could not safely repose beneath branches laden with such fruit ; and

I suppose none of you have skulls so thick that you would be willing to stand under while the tree should be shaken.

By a beautiful provision of nature, ice is made to be a little lighter than its own bulk of water. The change takes place just the moment before it is turned from water into ice. The consequence is, the ice floats, and makes a beautiful surface for you to sport upon. Were the ice heavier than the water, by ever so small a degree, it would sink the moment it is formed; the next layer of water upon the surface would then freeze, which would also sink; and by and by, all ponds, rivers, and lakes would be frozen into a solid mass of ice, which all the heat of twenty summers would not be sufficient to thaw. Now think of this wise and wonderful provision the next time you go out to skate or slide.

Wood and coal were made to be burned, to keep your school-houses and your homes warm; and iron was made, among many other things, to be used in taking care of the fires that warm you. Suppose iron had been made so that it would burn as easily as wood, — we could not use it for fire apparatus nor for cooking utensils. Suppose, on the other hand, that wood and all other things which we use for fuel would burn no better than iron, — what then should we have to keep up our fires?

These are inanimate things, but the different races of animals were also all made for particular uses, and to live in a particular way. The fishes were made to swim in the sea; the birds were made to fly in the air; and the land animals were made to live upon the solid parts of the earth, there to get their food and there to rear their young. Suppose these races should try to alter the arrangements of Providence; suppose the land birds and the fishes should make an agreement to exchange abodes, so that the vast flocks of pigeons, for instance, which you see flying over in the autumn, should leave the forests of oak, and should seek their food a thousand miles out at sea, while the fishes should come on shore, flopping their fins, and seeking a land passage to the Rocky Mountains. Or, suppose the quadrupeds, — such as the cattle, the hares, the foxes, and so forth, — should take it into their heads, — or heels, — that they could fly, and should ascend the highest rock or bluff, or, — such of them as could, — should climb up to the tops of barns, and houses, and steeples, and fling themselves into the air, expecting to equal the birds in their flight; should you not think that such of them as had any life left after the experiment, would need a very skilful bone-setter? Thus you see that all kinds of animals must live in the element they were made for by their Creator, and do the things, and only the things, which he designs they should do.

So all of you, my dear children and friends, were made to live in a certain way and to do certain things; and there are

other ways in which you cannot live, and other things which you must not do. You were made to live in the air and to breathe it. You were not made, like the fishes, to live in the water; and if, by any misfortune, you were to sink beneath its surface, or, by any force, were to be kept there, you know that you would perish by drowning in a very few minutes. Neither are you so made that you can live in the fire. Many tools which you use could not be made without fire; they have passed through it; they were melted in it; that was their nature, but it is not yours; and what made them better would destroy your life. The food you daily eat is prepared by the fierce action of fire; this is necessary in order to fit it for your use; but were you to be subjected to the same heat to which that is subjected for your sake, your life would be destroyed, — if you had so many lives, — every day in the year. You are not, like the birds, provided with wings, by which you can fly from tree to tree, from house to house, or from hill-top to hill-top; and were you to be so foolhardy as to ascend to the top of a tree, or house, or hill, and attempt to fly from it, you would be taken up a mangled corpse. Such things are contrary to your nature. They are not the things you were made for.

But there are many other things you were not made to do, and which I must warn you, by the terrible pains and punishments that will come in their train, never to do. You were not made to lie, or to steal, or to use profane or obscene language, or to be intemperate, or to quarrel with your school-mates, or to be unkind to brothers or sisters, or disobedient to parents and teachers, or to scoff or to mock at what is holy and good. I said you were not made to live in the fire; but it would be better that you should be flung into the hottest furnace that was ever kindled, than that you should train your tongues to falsehood, and perjury, and blasphemy. You can be happier with the flames coming up all around you and scorching your flesh to a cinder, than you can be with a remorseful conscience glowing and burning in your bosom. I said you were not made to live in the water; but you had better tie a mill-stone about your neck and plunge into the depths of the sea, a thousand miles from the nearest shore or the nearest plank, than to begin a career of cheating and defrauding, and taking property that is not your own. I said you were not made to fly through the air; but you had better climb to the top of the highest tree or steeple, and fling yourself abroad to be dashed in pieces upon the rocks below, than to take the name of the great and the good God in vain, and to scoff at his attributes, his power and his justice. You had better ascend a volcano and leap from its crater into the boiling lava, than to go on indulging your appetite, by little and little, until you become a

drunkard. You cannot do so great a harm to your bodies by plunging into fire, or water, or leaping from the precipice's edge, as you do to your souls when you break the commandments of the Lord. Your eyes were not made to covet what belongs to another; and it would be better that you should be blind, than that you should covet your neighbor's goods; for coveting is half way to stealing. It would be better that your ears should be deaf, than that you should love to hear wicked and impure language; and that you should be dumb also, rather than that your tongue should delight in uttering it. All these things, and all things like these, you were not made to do; you cannot do them without great and terrible suffering.

Having told you of some things you were not made to do, let me now tell you of some which you were made to do, just as much as the sun was made to radiate light, and not darkness; just as much as the trees were made to grow upwards, and not downwards; just as much as the birds were made to live in the air, and the fishes in the sea, without ever exchanging abodes.

*You were made to be industrious.* You should work. All your bones and muscles were made for work, just as much as the wheels of a clock or a watch were made to go round; and if you do not work in some way, you are as worthless as a clock made *not to go*. Industry gives health. Lazy people are not half so well as industrious ones are. Industry gives wealth. All the great fortunes that have ever been earned have been earned by industrious people, (although, I am sorry to say, they are too often possessed by lazy ones;) and it is highly proper that you should desire to earn money, if you intend to be benevolent, and mean to do good with it. Habits of industry will make you punctual at school, so that you can study and recite with the rest of the class. Why should you desire to be late, and, at this intellectual repast, sit down at the second table?

*You were made to be temperate.* The man who is always temperate enjoys a great deal more, in the long run, than one who gives way to excesses. Hence it has been well said, that the greatest epicure is the temperate man. You must be temperate, not only in drinking, but in eating; and, indeed, in regard to all pleasures. It is right that you should enjoy your food, and your drink, and your sports. But when you have had enough, stop. Learn the meaning of that important word, *enough*.

*You were made to be clean and neat in your person and in your dress, and gentlemanly and ladylike in your manners.* If you have not been bitten by a mad dog, don't be afraid of fresh water. There is enough water in the world to keep every body clean; but there is a great deal of it that never finds its right place. In regard to this article there is no danger of being



selfish. Take as much as you need. The people of the west boast of their great rivers, — I would rather they would boast of using a large tubful of their water every day.

Contract no such filthy and offensive habit as that of chewing or smoking tobacco. So long as a man chews or smokes, though a very Chesterfield in every thing else that pertains to his appearance, he can never be *quite* a gentleman. And, let me repeat it, you were made to be neat. While cotton cloth can be had for six cents a yard, there is no excuse for not having a pocket-handkerchief.

*You were made to be kind, and generous, and magnanimous.* If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.

*You were made to learn.* Be sure you learn something every day. When you go to bed at night, if you cannot think of something new which you have learned during the day, spring up and find a book, and get an idea before you sleep. If you were to stop eating, would not your bodies pine and famish? If you stop learning, your minds will pine and famish too. You all desire that your bodies should thrive and grow, until you become as tall and large as your fathers and mothers, or other people. You would not like to stop growing where you are now, — at three feet high, or four feet, or even at five. But if you do not feed your minds as well as your bodies, they will stop growing; and one of the poorest, meanest, most despicable things I have ever seen in the world, is a little mind in a great body.

Suppose there were a museum in your neighborhood, full of all rare and splendid curiosities, — should you not like to go and see it? Would you not think it almost unkind, if you were forbidden to visit it? The creation is a museum, all full and crowded with wonders, and beauties, and glories. One door, and one only, is open, by which you can enter this magnificent temple. It is the door of knowledge. The learned laborer, the learned peasant, or slave, is ever made welcome at this door, while the ignorant, though kings, are shut out.

*Finally, you were made to be moral and religious.* Morality

consists primarily in the performance of our duties to our fellow-men; religion in the performance of our duties to God. On the sublime and beautiful subject of morality, I have time only to touch upon one thing. That shall be *Honesty*. If all men were honest, we should need no jails nor prisons; no bolts nor locks; no high enclosures to keep out garden thieves; no criminal laws or courts. It is a shame to all mankind that such things are necessary. It seems to me that I should pine and die of mortification, if I thought such things were made for me. I want all of you to feel that such things were not made for you. When you go by a high fence, built up to keep out orchard-robbers, say to yourselves, "That fence was never made for me. I would not touch the man's cherries, or plums, or peaches, or melons, without leave, though they hung so that the wind would blow them in my face as I passed along the road, or though I should stumble over them in my path. I could climb the man's fence easily enough; but, thank God, I have a conscience which I never yet climbed over, and never will." If you hear a neighbor locking up his house at night, say, "That lock was not made for me. So far as I am concerned, he might leave his doors and windows wide open." If you see the vaults and safes of a great bank, say, "Those iron doors and massive keys were never made on my account. The men may leave their gold and silver on their counters, with unbolted doors, if they please. It is none of mine, and I would rather lay my hand on a red-hot poker than to touch it." Do this, children, and you will feel honest, clear through you, — honest from head to foot; and be able to stand up straight, and look any man in the face, and fear no accuser, and never turn pale. You will not be like a poor, wretched, slinking thief, who cannot eat nor sleep in peace; who always thinks there is an officer at his back, and into whose ear every rustling leaf and whispering breeze cries, "Stop thief."

*You must be religious*; that is, you must be grateful to God, obey his laws, love and imitate his infinite excellences. The works of God are full of wonders and beauties. He has laid the foundations of the universe in miracles, and filled it with starry splendors. But God himself is greater than his works. If you were delighted and charmed with a curious instrument, or with a piece of exquisitely wrought machinery, would you not like to know its contriver and builder? — especially if his ingenious mind and skilful hand could form a thousand such masterpieces in a day? If you were so captivated by a book, that, after reading it through a score of times, you still would turn back its pages and commence it again with ever-renewing delight, should you not like to know the author of that book? — especially if you had learned that every word from his lips was like a fresh-glowing picture, that all the tones of his voice were enchanting music, and that every aspect of his countenance

would thrill with admiration and love? Such, and more than this, and more than the tongue of man or of angel can describe, is your Maker; and he who does not know him, though he may know every thing else, is ignorant of the greatest and best part of all knowledge. There is no other conceivable privation to be compared with an ignorance of our Creator. If a man be blind, he but loses the outward light. If a man be deaf, he but loses music and the sweet converse of friends. If a man be bereaved of companions, and the nearest and dearest kindred are plucked from his bosom; if he be persecuted, and imprisoned, and torn limb from limb, by the hatred and malice of men, he is only beneath a temporary cloud, which will pass away like the vapor of the morning. But if he is "without God," he is a wanderer and a solitary in the universe, with no haven or hope before him, when beaten upon by the storms of fate; with no home or sanctuary to flee to, though all the spirits of darkness should have made him their victim.

These things, my dear children, and such as these, you were made for. You were made for them, as the rich corn and the delicious fruits were made to grow in the fertile valleys; and may your own efforts, encouraged and aided by divine goodness, enable you to fulfil the purposes of your creation. Remember, though man sinned, Paradise was not destroyed. The sinner was driven from Eden, but Eden itself remained. It can be entered again. You can enter it and make it your own.

I am, Mr. Superintendent, and dear children, very truly and faithfully, your friend,

HORACE MANN.

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"I'VE DONE WITH TOBACCO!"

WHAT! after so long a servitude! Done with it, — all done, — and you will never use it again, not a particle of it? My friend, my heart is boiling over with the warmest congratulations, and I am to send them in so many directions, that I am perplexed where to begin first; but, not to lose time in such perplexity, I congratulate your own person. You have done a capital thing for your *personal cleanliness*. No human being can be neat and tidy, and yet use tobacco. You can no more bring the two things together, than you can the northern and the southern pole. If you have pitched your snuff and tobacco-box overboard, and sent your pipe and cigar after them, and have made an utter repudiation of the whole concern, then you are rid of unclean things; and because there is both beauty and comfort in cleanliness, I give you joy in your deliverance.

1. You are *a more fragrant* member of the human family. You must take it kindly, my friend, but it has been the fact

that your contiguity to your friends has not been the most agreeable, from this cause. The sweet and balmy atmosphere has been troubled by your presence, and many a one, in the communings of conversation with you, has snuffed something more than a "welcome fragrance." But you have done with the cause of offence, — have you? More comfortable, therefore, will be your contiguity with your species. And I give you joy thereon.

2. But I must hasten to congratulate *your wife*. My good woman, your husband has made a noble triumph. Do but think of it. He says he has done with tobacco! You can now preside over your domestic affairs with a serene temper. You shall not be vexed with filthy spittoons, and bespattered andirons, and offensive blemishes on carpets, and floors, &c. Will not all this take, at least, one of those wrinkles from your brow? You had better have a jubilee on this deliverance. Suffer the suggestion, — you will be a *better wife* for all this. You must give your good man one of the sweetest smiles for his victory that ever made loveliness more lovely, and keep up the sweetness of such smiles so long as your own is the sweetness of your husband's deliverance.

3. I cannot forbear congratulating, also, my dear sir, *your pew in church*. There have been sad sights there. It would have seemed that there was room enough in the creation, without making the sanctuary the scene of such a practice. But there will be more sweetness and wholesomeness in that pew than there has been. The house of prayer will have one more section of it purified. That's a comfort.

4. Your *purse*, my friend, comes in for a share in this congratulation. You have stopped one very serious leak in it. Who will dare dispute that? It will now be more apt to fill up, and grow portly, and become heavier, and be a greater pleasure to its owner. And, perhaps, the widow and the fatherless may get a crumb or two more of comfort for the stoppage of that waste-gate of your substance.

5. I congratulate *the small fry of your family*. If the father makes a funeral pile of the whole tobacco concern, the sons are less likely to give up themselves to the dominion of that undesirable narcotic. If you are a hearty reformer in this matter, you certainly will damp the aspirations of the lads for this form of human greatness. The little fellows, some of them at least, think that it is one of the most glorious testimonies, and prerogatives, and privileges of manhood; and that they are themselves pretty considerably advanced toward that exalted condition of humanity, if they can but snuff, smoke, or chew, "as father does." So, my dear sir, you have made it less likely, than it was before your reform, that the tobacco mania should have abettors from your fireside.



But I cannot add any more links now to the chain of my congratulations, but will hasten to my conclusion, which is a most hearty welcome to the ranks of that portion of the human family who have either never defiled themselves with tobacco, or, having done so, have had the good sense and conscience to make a clear escape from that kind of delinquency. I make you welcome, also, to all the quietness of mind, calmness of nerves, cleanliness of person, household purity, and feminine smiles, which a thorough purgation from tobacco carries in its train. And I make you welcome, with us, to as smashing a warfare as moral suasion will suffer us to carry on, against pipes, and snuff, and tobacco-boxes, and all the paraphernalia generated by indulgence in the Indian weed. X.

*Boston Recorder.*

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ISAAC WALTON, in his admirable "Lives," after mentioning some characteristic anecdotes of Herbert, adds, —

"In a walk to Salisbury, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load ; they were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert, perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. 'The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man, and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, and told him 'that, if he loved himself, he would be merciful to his beast.' Thus he left the poor man ; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, come into that company so soiled and discomposed. But he told them the occasion ; and when one of the company told him he had 'disparaged himself by so dirty an employment,' his answer was, 'that the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight ; and that the omission of it would have upbraided him, and made discord in his conscience whensoever he should pass by that place. For if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure I am bound, as far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy ; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments.'"

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THE VETERAN OF NAPOLEON. — As Churchill's battalion of artillery were advancing to take their position in the second line of battle, at Palo Alto, on the Sth, a private in the 4th regi-

ment was come up to, who lay upon the battle-field with both legs shot off. He was one of the first that fell after the cannonade commenced, and was a veteran in Napoleon's wars. After having escaped in the terrible conflicts of Austerlitz and Wagram, and in the retreat from Moscow, and the battle of Waterloo, he lived to fall on the Palo Alto, by a cannon-shot from a Mexican battery. As his fellow-soldiers passed him, and noticed, at every pulsation of his heart, that the blood flowed from his wounds, they stopped an instant to sympathize with him. The noble-hearted fellow, as his eyes were glazing in death, waved them on, and with his last breath said, "Go, comrades ; I have only got what a soldier enlists for."

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THE two following items of intelligence were lately brought from Europe by the same steamship : —

One of the ministers of the sultan of Turkey recently made the following declaration, in a public address, at Adrianople : "Difference in religious faith concerns only the conscience of individuals. This difference cannot interfere in any manner with their rights as subjects ; it is the wish and intention of our sovereign, that all his subjects, whether Mussulman, Christian, or Hebrew, shall enjoy equally his protection."

Lord John Russell, the present prime minister of England, in a speech made to the London electors, by whom he had just been returned to the House of Commons, said, "I will say this, as regards the education of the people, that no plan can be good and worthy the adoption of Parliament, which does not sanction and maintain the principle of religious liberty. Gentlemen, religious liberty has been the object of many contests. Our ancestors fought for it, and gave their blood to obtain it, and it is not at this day that we are to cripple or restrain it. It should be an object rather to carry this principle to its fullest extent, and maintain that, whatever civil laws we may enact, man shall worship God according to his own belief, and not according to the belief of others."

Turkey *decrees* religious liberty ; Great Britain *proposes* and *advocates* it. *In this particular*, the Mohammedan must be acknowledged to be as much nearer to eternal truth and justice than the Christian, as Constantinople is nearer to Nazareth than London.

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"MA," said an inquisitive little girl, "will rich and poor people live together when they go up to heaven ?"

"Yes, my dear, they will be all alike there."

"Then, ma, why don't rich and poor Christians associate together here ?"

The mother did not answer.

GERMAN MUSIC. — A letter writer from Berlin, in the Providence Journal, says, —

“It has often been said that the German mind possesses more natural musical genius than the English or American; but I see no just ground for such an opinion. The great reason why the Germans are so musical is, undoubtedly, because they so assiduously and generally cultivate the art. It forms part of their education, of their happiness, of the daily necessity of their life. Music is so common in Germany that it is the cheapest of all luxuries. I have attended a concert of one hundred and fifty musicians, performing selections from all the great masters, and playing four hours, for a piece of money not equal in value to our quarter of a dollar. Every little German village has its rival bands; every garden and coffee-house has its orchestra; music may be heard on the squares and in the streets at all hours of the day. The entire congregation, old and young, sing in the churches; and he who, on the proper occasion, cannot join in a hearty ‘*vaik lied*,’ is looked upon with some little political suspicion, or at least as one ‘whose education has been neglected.’ It is ten to one, that a poor German boy, who never saw the inside of a parlor, or boasted the possession of a yellow Louis d’or, can play with skill upon the bugle, and whistle through, with accuracy and expression, an overture of Mozart. Thus music is not confined to the wealthier class. Like ‘pale death,’ it visits ‘the cottages of the poor as well as the towers of kings.’ It mingles with the simple sports of the peasant’s child; it weaves its enchantment around the bashful loves of his youth; it softens the burdens of his laboring manhood, and soothes the roughness of his penniless old age.”

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UNITY. — “The only unity that ever will be attained on earth, before the resurrection of the just, will be a unity of thinking differently, in love.”

We know not who said this; but it is a golden sentiment, and worthy any true Protestant’s head or heart; — God never meant that all men in this world should think alike. This would defeat all the variety that gives beauty or elicits truth before the world. But he *did* design that men should love one another, even in the very midst of their differences. And to this high virtue we are called by our *Christian* profession. He who hates his brother because he worships at another altar, is no Christian, no republican, no friend of God’s designs or of human rights. What an Eden this world would and might be, if we would agree and practise upon “a *unity* of thinking *differently*,” and of doing this “in love.” Brethren, let us all strive for this perfection. — *Gospel Banner*.

## HYMN,

*Written by the Rev. Mr. RODMAN, of Bridgewater, Mass., and sung at the Dedication of the State Normal School at that Place, by the Pupils.*

A TEMPLE here we raise,  
And consecrate to thee,  
Who formed us for thy praise;  
Accepted let us be.  
To us this day a blessing give,  
And help us aye for thee to live.

Here to the search for truth,  
In hope the pearl to find,  
We dedicate our youth,  
That we may serve mankind.  
Deep in each bosom cherished be  
Wisdom's pure germ, the fear of thee.

Forth from these hallowed halls  
Send thou fraternal bands,  
To go where duty calls,  
To do what love commands.  
Father, thy mission teachers need,  
For 'tis their work thy lambs to feed.

While here we daily meet,  
Here let thy presence shine.  
Disciples at thy feet,  
We learn a work divine,—  
The mind of childhood well to train,  
Without thy help we toil in vain.

But with thy favor crowned,  
The humblest work we do  
Must to thy praise redound,  
Whose mercies, ever new,  
Like manna every morning shed,  
Bedew each duteous path we tread.

## "FATHER, FORGIVE THEM."

A PARAPHRASE.

Go, sceptic! search the ponderous tomes  
Of heathen wisdom o'er;  
Read learned Confucius' pages through,  
And Socrates explore;  
Find, if thou canst, recorded there,  
An equal to this simple prayer.

Reviled, insulted, crowned with thorns,  
And led away to die,  
No curse on man breaks from his lips,  
No anger lights his eye.  
"Father, forgive them!" Jesus cries,  
And meekly bows his head, and dies.

*Olive Branch.*

✉ *All Communications to the Editor to be addressed to  
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